

## ZUBOF TAKES HIS LIFE IN A CELL.

Society Lion and Novelist Hangs Himself in Jefferson Market Prison.

Found with a Handkerchief Knotted About His Neck, Strangled to Death.

Had Been Arrested Shortly Before for Giving a Bad Check to a Hotel Keeper.

ENGAGED TO A RICH SOCIETY GIRL.

This and His Disgrace, the Probable Cause of Suicide—His Extravagance on Credit of the Wonder of Three Cities.

Driven to desperation by the disgrace of being arrested on a charge of fraud, galled by the pangs of poverty, and crazed by the thought that his predicament would effectually crush all hopes of his marriage to a beautiful society girl worth many millions of dollars, to whom he was said

The romance of the young Russian nobleman's life has many exciting chapters. The tragedy of his death was condensed into two short hours. At 9:30 o'clock yesterday morning, a warrant was issued for his arrest. Two minutes before 10 o'clock, as the American Line steamer New York was about to sail for Southampton, the detectives gripped him by the collar. Half an hour later, he was arraigned before Magistrate Deuel, and at 11:30 o'clock he was found suspended to the bars of his cell, choked to death by his pocket handkerchief.

Count Zubof was a well-known figure in literary, theatrical and social circles in Boston, Philadelphia and this city. Under the nom de plume of Robert Appleton he wrote the novel, "Mr. Harry St. John," which, being a graphic exposure of the scandalous characteristics and follies of Boston local dignitaries, created such an impression that it was eventually suppressed by the authorities.

Another of his books which attracted much attention was called "In the Manner of Men." He was well known as a newspaper writer, and was recently attached to the staff of a paper in Boston.

**His Fraud Discovered.**

Proprietor Walters, of the Hotel Cambridge, at Thirty-third street and Fifth avenue, was the complainant in the charge which landed Zubof behind the prison bars from which he hung himself. According to Mr. Walters' affidavit, on which Magistrate Deuel granted the warrant, Zubof registered at the Cambridge on December 15 last, and although he continued to live there in great style, frequently giving dinner parties over the way at the Waldorf, the Count never paid one cent of money

order of Edward Corbin, in account with Bennett Bros., Bennett building, Detroit, Mich.

Zubof left the hotel on May 30, and his whereabouts became unknown. Subsequently the draft was returned to Mr. Walters, marked "N. G." It became known to the hotel proprietor late on Tuesday night that the Count was about to sail for England on the steamship New York, and

When taken to his cell, No. 20 on the upper tier of the prison by Warden Michael Fenton and the heavy iron-bound door was closed upon him, the man seemed to feel his position most acutely, but in a minute or two he roused himself and wrote a note to a friend named Albert Freeman, who is manager of the Hartford Mutual Insurance agency, at No. 3 Park row. This he dispatched with a prison messenger, telling him to hurry up and fetch his friend, as he felt blue. The note ran:

Dear Freeman—I am arrested. Please call at Jefferson Market Police Court immediately. After this Zubof cheerfully chatted and joked with Fenton while waiting in the corridor outside. He asked if friends were allowed to visit prisoners, and said he intended sending an invitation for a little social party that afternoon.

**Hanging in His Cell.**

Presently Fenton went about his work and after an absence of less than a quarter of an hour he reopened cell No. 20 and found Zubof hanging to the upper bars of the door. He had pulled the cot bed close to the door, and then passing an ordinary linen handkerchief around the upper cross frame of the door, he had knotted it tightly around his throat, the end of the handkerchief being caught between the iron cross bar and the knots of his handkerchief had effectively strangled him to death.

Fenton raised an alarm, and quickly cut the man down. Eleven minutes later an ambulance surgeon arrived and pronounced him dead. A moment later his friend, Mr. Freeman, telephoned to the police court that he would be in an hour or two to accept the release of Zubof and to arrange for a settlement of his troubles.

When the Count was searched, previous to being placed in the cell, a revolver with two chambers loaded and a large and elegantly mounted dirk knife were taken from him. He pleaded hard to keep the revolver. After death upon his person were found a gold watch and chain with other handsome jewelry, and a number of personal papers. These were all taken charge of by Prison Warden John Kerr, who refused to divulge their contents until they had been viewed by the Coroner. It is known, however, that among those papers was a notification from the Equitable Life Insurance Company that the premium on life policy for \$5,000 was due June 28, and that an extension of thirty days' grace had been given him. There was also some form of an agreement of partnership between himself and Edwin Corbin, of Chicago.

Mr. Albert Freeman said he had known Zubof for eight years, and he had never slighted doubt as to his right to the title of Count. "His parents are still living in St. Petersburg," he said, "and are enormously wealthy. He left home through some political trouble when quite a boy. He was educated with the highest honors from Trinity College, Dublin, and was a magnificent linguist.

**Engaged to a Rich Girl.**

"Zubof was engaged to be married to the beautiful young daughter of a Wall street broker," continued Mr. Freeman. "This girl is believed to fully \$200,000 in her own right, and her father is probably worth double that amount.

"I have little doubt that the knowledge that the publicity caused by his arrest would absolutely ruin his chances of marrying this girl was what led him to commit this rash act."

When pressed to divulge the lady's name, Mr. Freeman firmly refused.

It is evident that Zubof went immediately from Freeman's office to board the ship New York, and the \$200 thus obtained was the money he handed over to Hotel Keeper Walters in his endeavor to escape arrest. The forty-five cents found on his body then represented all the money he had in the world.

Mr. Freeman further stated that Zubof had lately been staying at the Walton House, Philadelphia, and was a constant visitor to Mr. Stewart Harris, of Germantown. The unknown companions of Freeman corroborated the story of the suicide's circumstances and his engagement to a Wall Street heiress in all its details and particulars, but all agreed that strenuous efforts would be made to keep the lady's name a secret.

No other friends called to see the dead man, and as no claim had been made for the body, yesterday afternoon the Coroner granted a permit and it was taken to the morgue.

With the theatrical profession Zubof was well known and very popular, and, among others, he was friendly with Novelist W. D. Howells and Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Zubof was handsome, though small in stature. In spite of his undoubted talent as a writer, he has been pilloried as a plagiarist and was once expelled in the Boston Pilot by the late John Boyle O'Reilly.

Edwin Corbin, the man on whom he drew the draft that brought him to trouble, is a well-known young Chicago lawyer. Zubof gave his age as twenty-nine when arraigned, yesterday before Justice Deuel, but it is believed by those who knew him, that he was fully thirty-six years of age.

Boston, Mass., July 29.—Count Zubof was at one time the loudest roaring social lion of Boston's most fashionable elite. For a considerable time he was the favorite pet of Mrs. Jack Gardner, who was his favored friend with his friendship, as well as

one is court was under the impression that the matter would then be amicably settled and the Count could proceed on his journey by the next ship. It became known that his baggage had gone aboard the New York and that he had engaged a share of the captain's cabin.

Readily arrangements were made to communicate with the officers of the American Line concerning these matters, and Zubof seemed very little distressed.

When taken to his cell, No. 20 on the upper tier of the prison by Warden Michael Fenton and the heavy iron-bound door was closed upon him, the man seemed to feel his position most acutely, but in a minute or two he roused himself and wrote a note to a friend named Albert Freeman, who is manager of the Hartford Mutual Insurance agency, at No. 3 Park row. This he dispatched with a prison messenger, telling him to hurry up and fetch his friend, as he felt blue. The note ran:

Dear Freeman—I am arrested. Please call at Jefferson Market Police Court immediately. After this Zubof cheerfully chatted and joked with Fenton while waiting in the corridor outside. He asked if friends were allowed to visit prisoners, and said he intended sending an invitation for a little social party that afternoon.

**Hanging in His Cell.**

Presently Fenton went about his work and after an absence of less than a quarter of an hour he reopened cell No. 20 and found Zubof hanging to the upper bars of the door. He had pulled the cot bed close to the door, and then passing an ordinary linen handkerchief around the upper cross frame of the door, he had knotted it tightly around his throat, the end of the handkerchief being caught between the iron cross bar and the knots of his handkerchief had effectively strangled him to death.

Fenton raised an alarm, and quickly cut the man down. Eleven minutes later an ambulance surgeon arrived and pronounced him dead. A moment later his friend, Mr. Freeman, telephoned to the police court that he would be in an hour or two to accept the release of Zubof and to arrange for a settlement of his troubles.

When the Count was searched, previous to being placed in the cell, a revolver with two chambers loaded and a large and elegantly mounted dirk knife were taken from him. He pleaded hard to keep the revolver. After death upon his person were found a gold watch and chain with other handsome jewelry, and a number of personal papers. These were all taken charge of by Prison Warden John Kerr, who refused to divulge their contents until they had been viewed by the Coroner. It is known, however, that among those papers was a notification from the Equitable Life Insurance Company that the premium on life policy for \$5,000 was due June 28, and that an extension of thirty days' grace had been given him. There was also some form of an agreement of partnership between himself and Edwin Corbin, of Chicago.

Mr. Albert Freeman said he had known Zubof for eight years, and he had never slighted doubt as to his right to the title of Count. "His parents are still living in St. Petersburg," he said, "and are enormously wealthy. He left home through some political trouble when quite a boy. He was educated with the highest honors from Trinity College, Dublin, and was a magnificent linguist.

**Engaged to a Rich Girl.**

"Zubof was engaged to be married to the beautiful young daughter of a Wall street broker," continued Mr. Freeman. "This girl is believed to fully \$200,000 in her own right, and her father is probably worth double that amount.

"I have little doubt that the knowledge that the publicity caused by his arrest would absolutely ruin his chances of marrying this girl was what led him to commit this rash act."

When pressed to divulge the lady's name, Mr. Freeman firmly refused.

It is evident that Zubof went immediately from Freeman's office to board the ship New York, and the \$200 thus obtained was the money he handed over to Hotel Keeper Walters in his endeavor to escape arrest. The forty-five cents found on his body then represented all the money he had in the world.

Mr. Freeman further stated that Zubof had lately been staying at the Walton House, Philadelphia, and was a constant visitor to Mr. Stewart Harris, of Germantown. The unknown companions of Freeman corroborated the story of the suicide's circumstances and his engagement to a Wall Street heiress in all its details and particulars, but all agreed that strenuous efforts would be made to keep the lady's name a secret.

No other friends called to see the dead man, and as no claim had been made for the body, yesterday afternoon the Coroner granted a permit and it was taken to the morgue.

With the theatrical profession Zubof was well known and very popular, and, among others, he was friendly with Novelist W. D. Howells and Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Zubof was handsome, though small in stature. In spite of his undoubted talent as a writer, he has been pilloried as a plagiarist and was once expelled in the Boston Pilot by the late John Boyle O'Reilly.

Edwin Corbin, the man on whom he drew the draft that brought him to trouble, is a well-known young Chicago lawyer. Zubof gave his age as twenty-nine when arraigned, yesterday before Justice Deuel, but it is believed by those who knew him, that he was fully thirty-six years of age.

Boston, Mass., July 29.—Count Zubof was at one time the loudest roaring social lion of Boston's most fashionable elite. For a considerable time he was the favorite pet of Mrs. Jack Gardner, who was his favored friend with his friendship, as well as

## PEOPLE WILL RISE TO SUPPORT BRYAN.

William Pitt Mitchell Says the Canvass Will Show Startling Things.

Workingmen Aroused to the Importance of the Coming Election.

Real Work of the Campaign Will Begin with the Ensuing Primaries.

TAMMANY WILL BE UNANIMOUS.

Has Always Been True to the Democratic Party, and Will Not Be Found Wanting This Year.

"You can expect an uprising for the Bryan ticket in New York State," said William Pitt Mitchell yesterday. "The people—the plain, hardworking, classes—are aroused to the importance of the coming election, and they are going to declare both now and on election day for Bryan and Sewall and the platform adopted at the Chicago election."

Mr. Mitchell is at the head of one of the largest printing houses in New York City, and is one of the leaders of Tammany, having served for years as associate leader of the Seventh Assembly District. Mr. Mitchell was born in New York City and has taken an active part in Democratic politics for more than thirty years. In discussing the situation he said yesterday:

"The Democratic State Committee, which is the constituted authority to act in the absence of the State Convention, has convened and the Presidential canvass will begin in about one week. This is at least a month earlier than any Presidential contest has begun before in the past twenty-four years. Primary elections will be called in each of the 150 Assembly districts of the State and delegates will be chosen. I need not say that the financial question will enter into every Assembly contest."

"I believe the delegates will go to the convention pledged to select electors and candidates for Governor and Lieutenant Governor who are in strict accord with the Chicago platform. The meeting of the State Committee showed the intense interest throughout the State. We have had no election in our time so important. We may look for lively contests. The primary elections will begin the fight. You can expect an uprising for the Bryan ticket."

"Farming interests demand a change. The farmers in many cases are almost starving. The farm has long since disappeared as a source of income. Now it is a great struggle for existence."

"What of Tammany and its position?"

"The position of Tammany is easy to explain. A large, powerful organization cannot afford to jump to conclusions too rapidly. The proper course has been taken, and that is to await the action of the regularly constituted body—the State Committee. You know that when Tammany starts, Tammany works. All the district workers are in motion. There never was a doubt as to Tammany's position in the present or in any other Democratic movement."

"Born at the same time almost as this Republic, always in touch with the wishes of the plain people, defending the weak and oppressed, Tammany has made no mistakes, and will not now. The Democratic party is in this campaign for Bryan and Sewall, and there you will find Tammany men, shoulder to shoulder on Election day."

"What do think of the prospects in New York?"

"It is too early as yet to judge of the result. We can speak only of expectations. This great State will not, I believe, be found wanting at the proper time. With every breath of true Democracy, every effort will be made to win a handsome victory in November."

**FIRST BEATEN, THEN ROBBED.**

Neidinger's Assaultants Captured and His Watch Found on One of Them.

Daniel Murphy, of No. 152 West Sixty-second street; James Burton, of No. 407

## WOMAN RESCUED BY A BRAVE POLICEMAN.

He Jumps Overboard and Tries to Save Her Child Also.

Exciting Scene and Almost a Panic on the Return of a Masonic Excursion.

THE CHILD SAVED BY A DOCKHAND.

Thirty Masons March in a Delegation to the Station House After the Rescue and Testify to Patrolman Francis Finnegan's Bravery.

Fully thirty members of Park Lodge, F. and A. M., including the Grand Master, Richard Shepard, of No. 140 West Sixty-first street, called at the West Forty-seventh Street Station House last night to testify to the bravery of Officer Francis Finnegan, who a short time before had saved one life and had made heroic efforts to save two.

The members of Park Lodge and their friends to the number of over 1,500 arrived at the West Forty-fourth street dock on the iron steamboat Sirius from an excursion to Roton's Point, about 9 o'clock last night. Those disembarking were met by an almost equally large number of friends who had been awaiting them, and the dock became densely crowded.

Sergeant James E. Hussey and five men from the West Forty-seventh Street Station were on hand, but had great difficulty in keeping any kind of order, and in the jostling and crowding about Mrs. Agnes Lomewood, of No. 355 West Forty-seventh street, and her three-year-old daughter Lizzie, were pushed overboard.

Women screamed and men shouted, and everybody tried to get to the edge of the dock to peer over into the river. At this juncture, Policeman Francis Finnegan rushed through the crowd on to the string piece of the dock and leaped into the river, coming up within a stroke of two of Mrs. Lomewood, who, still clinging to her child, was struggling in the tide.

Policeman Finnegan grasped her by the arm, and as he did so she lost her hold upon the little girl, who drifted away. Then the policeman, taking a firmer hold upon the woman, tried to reach the child. She had floated too far away, however, so he turned and brought the mother to the dock.

In the meantime Dockhand Edward Malone had sprung from the steamer's deck and was swimming after the child. He caught her near the Forty-fifth street dock, and a few seconds later the two were taken into a boat by three boys—Charles Cook, of No. 724 Eleventh avenue; Richard Lord, of No. 538 West Fifty-second street, and Henry Rafferty, of No. 355 West Fifty-third street.

The other police officers on the dock were kept busy in preventing a panic among the women and children, but when the two rescuers reached the dock with the woman and child the cheers were loud and long.

When Policeman Finnegan started for the station house he was followed by an enthusiastic crowd, loud in his praises.

**STRUCK BY A CABLE CAR.**

"Dead Man's Curve" Claims Street-Cleaner John Muller as Its Latest Victim.

"Dead Man's Curve" claims as its latest victim John Muller, a street cleaner, of No. 603 East Eleventh street. For five years he had been at this post.

Muller is fifty years old, but strong and alert. Yesterday, at 9 o'clock in the morning, he was struck on the right hip by a cable car in front of the Lincoln statue, and thrown almost to the sidewalk.

Dr. Taylor, of the New York Hospital, dressed his wounds, and sent him home. Foreman Kelly, of Section 14, of the Street Cleaning Department, of which Muller is a member, took the number of the cable car, which was 216. The name of the gripman is William S. Earnest. Muller would not consent to the gripman's arrest.

Muller says that he was on the downtown track. He jumped out of the way of one car and was struck by another going uptown.

Every morning when he went to his work his wife called to him: "Take care of yourself." He laughed at her fears.

**Hermuda to Be a Fruiter.**

John Millard, of No. 1 Broadway, the marine architect, who recently purchased the ill-fated steamship Hermuda, said yesterday that he bought the steamer simply because she was a bargain. He declared the vessel would be again placed under the British flag and used as a mail steamer between New York and Japan. Mr. Millard said, would carry no more Cuban exiles. He declared to give the purchasing price.

**Koster & Bial's Employees' Outing.**

Employees of Koster & Bial will have an outing next Sunday at Dannelly's Pavilion, College Point. There will be a clam bake and some athletic contests.

Did you ever wonder what that heavy weight on one side of a locomotive wheel was there for? Anyone who understands mechanics knows the need of a counter-balance to equalize power and keep the machinery going with a steady even motion. Without it the machinery would wrench itself out of shape. It is the same way with the machinery of the human body. It needs to go on steadily and regularly to be in good health—not by fits and starts. The sudden wrenching medicines which people sometimes take to overcome constipation, give a violent strain to the intestines which weakens them, so that laxativeness is afterwards worse than before.

What costive people need is a natural laxative like Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets which are powerful without being violent. They move the bowels gradually and comfortably but surely. You can regulate the dose—one, two or three "Pellets"—exactly as you need. They strengthen the intestines to do their own work, so that after their movements have become regular they keep on naturally of themselves.

The "Pleasant Pellets" gently stimulate and invigorate the liver to throw off biliousness; and tone up the stomach to secrete the digestive juices, and overcome dyspepsia. The entire digestive or alimentary tract is put in motion in the regular steady way of nature and health. This is what makes the "Pleasant Pellets" so immensely superior to the numerous purging pills which wrench and weaken the system. Druggists may get more profit out of those other pills but you don't.

The "Pleasant Pellets" are tiny sugar-coated granules—go or more in a little one-inch vital tightly corked, hence, always fresh and reliable.

Send at once stamps to cover cost of mailing, and get your great book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," absolutely FREE. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, No. 612 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

**How Over a Post Office Settled.**

The controversy over the future location of the Post Office in North Tarrytown has been settled by the Post Office Department in Washington. The office has for twenty years been in Orchard street. Recently a proposition was made for better quarters in the building of Mrs. Andrews, in Hookman street. The people living near the respective places contested for the location nearest their residences or places of business. Hookman street site has been selected.

**Dog Poisoners in Sing Sing.**

Dog poisoners have killed a St. Bernard belonging to Michael Hyams, of Sing Sing, which he valued at \$700. It was one of five thoroughbreds in the country. A St. Bernard belonging to the same owner was also poisoned, but his life was saved.

**Bloomingdale's**  
339 Ave. 56th St.  
**A CLEAN SWEEP TO-DAY.**

Since the beginning of the Great Sale of Manufacturers' Stocks we have disposed of thousands of Boys' Garments of all kinds, leaving Broken Lots in many instances. These lots will be sold this morning. As usual, No Reference to Values.

**THURSDAY'S SALE OF BOYS' CLOTHING**  
AT BLOOMINGDALES  
8 AM TO 12 NOON ONLY

**Washable Sailor Suits,** 19c  
Sizes 3 to 10 years.  
Handsomeness—Strictly Fast Color.

**All-Wool Navy Blue Sailor Suits,** 88c  
Sizes 3 to 12 years.  
Strictly All-Wool—Indigo Blue.

**Sailor Collar Reefer Suits, Fancy Braided,** 88c  
Sizes 3 to 8 years.  
Mixtures and Pinchecks—Six Styles.

**Strictly All-Wool Pants,** 33c  
Sizes 3 to 15 years.  
Light and Dark Gray Mixtures.

NOTE.—As there are but a few hundred garments in each lot, we advise our friends to call early.

No mail orders filled. None C. O. D. Your only cause for disappointment will be if you come too late.

Sale ends at 12 Noon Sharp.

Bloomingdale Bros., 3d Ave., 59th & 60th Sts.

**West 14th St.**  
**COWPERTHWAIT'S**  
"RELIABLE" CARPETS  
HIGH GRADE WILTON RUGS.

27x54 in. .... \$3.00, were \$4.50  
27x54 in. .... 4.00, were 6.00  
30x63 in. .... 7.00, were 10.00

Come anywhere near our Rug Pile, and you're in a realm of price and weave wonders. Just the thing to brighten a room.

**Furniture at Reduced Prices.**

Our "Long Credit" System affords a rare opportunity to economize.

**CASH OR CREDIT**  
**COWPERTHWAIT & CO.**  
104, 106 and 108 West 14th St.  
NEAR 6TH AV.  
Brooklyn Stores: Flatbush Av. near Fulton St.

Sneezing, sniffing and nagging

**Hay Fever**

and Rose Cold can be prevented and cured by Booth's "Hyomel" Pocket Inhaler Outfit, if taken in time.

**"CURES BY INHALATION."**  
At all druggists, \$1.00, 25¢ at office, sent by mail on receipt of price. Extra bottle Hyomel Inhalant, 50¢. Send for free pamphlet.

**R. T. BOOTH,**  
23 East 20th Street, New York.

**OWNERSHIP IN CITY LANDS.**

It is said that if free silver wins it will close every savings bank in the country.

What have depositors in savings banks more than a credit on the books of the banks? In view of the present financial situation, are banks safe depositories for the people's money?

Can your money be safer anywhere else than in real estate in New York City?

Any amount received—\$1, \$100 or more. We would be pleased to have any wage earner or savings bank depositor

CALL AND TALK IT OVER.

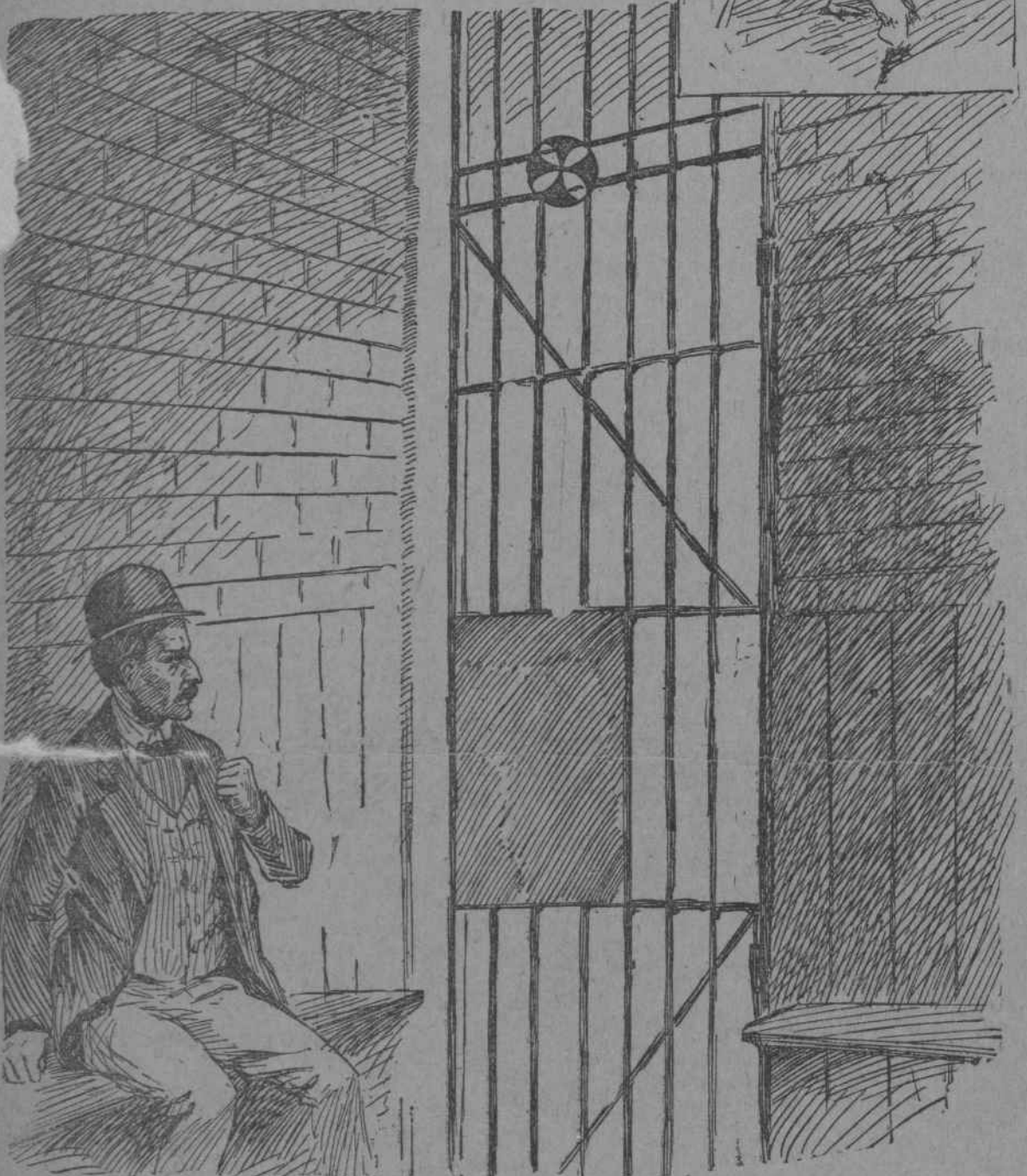
Office hours, 8 a. m. to 8 p. m.

**CASS REALTY CORPORATION,**

209 East 23d Street.

**Flint's Fine Furniture.**

Copies of Antiques at Bargain



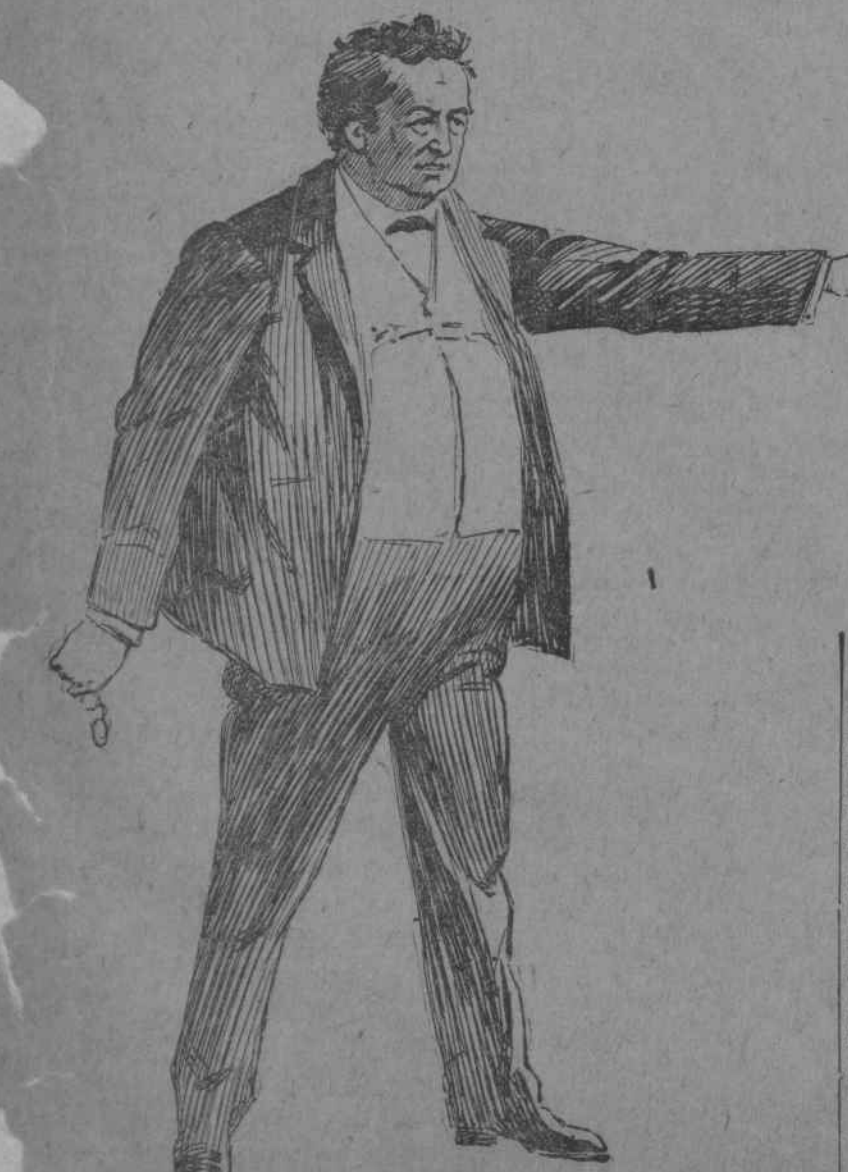
COUNT ZUBOF HANGS HIMSELF IN HIS CELL.

to be engaged, Roman Ivanovitch de Lippmann Zubof, a young Russian nobleman and novelist yesterday strangled himself to death in a cell at Jefferson Market Prison.

On May 30, at which time his indebtedness was fully \$500.

On that date, being pressed for money, he tendered a draft for \$250, drawn to the

armed with the warrant. Detective Duggan, of the Jefferson Market staff, hurried down to the American Line pier yesterday morning. Mr. Walters accompanied him.



WILLIAM P. MITCHELL TELLS WHY HE IS FOR BRYAN.

They thoroughly searched the ship, but could find no trace of their man. It was not until all visitors had been ordered ashore, and the gang planks were about to be pulled in that Zubof was seen to make a dash aboard. He was the last passenger to make the attempt. He was dressed well and fashionably, with a bouquet of violets in his buttonhole, and carried merely a small grip and a walking cane.

Duggan hurried after him, and just as he set his foot on deck he was arrested. A conversation took place in which the fugitive begged to be permitted to continue his journey. From his breast pocket he produced a roll of bills aggregating \$200. These he forced on Mr. Walters and pleaded to be released.

Duggan, however, was mis-rable, and although Mr. Walters expressed his willingness to withdraw the charge, the defaulting Count was held to fulfill the warrant. As they reached the dock the big ship sailed away.

**Locked in a Cell.**

Zubof seemed very despondent as he was marched to Jefferson Market Police Court. He pleaded not guilty to the charge of intentionally defrauding the hotel keeper and offered to see that the balance was paid in full. He was held in \$500 bail for examination this morning, and every

the purely social act. He took up his abode in a house on Mount Park, off Columbus avenue, and the fame of his receptions and teas soon spread throughout the city. At the end of the social season of 1889 there came grand exposure to make the attempt. He was dressed well and fashionably, with a bouquet of violets in his buttonhole, and carried merely a small grip and a walking cane.

Duggan hurried after him, and just as he set his foot on deck he was arrested. A conversation took place in which the fugitive begged to be permitted to continue his journey. From his breast pocket he produced a roll of bills aggregating \$200. These he forced on Mr. Walters and pleaded to be released.

Duggan, however, was mis-rable, and although Mr. Walters expressed his willingness to withdraw the charge, the defaulting Count was held to fulfill the warrant. As they reached the dock the big ship sailed away.

**Locked in a Cell.**

Zubof seemed very despondent as he was marched to Jefferson Market Police Court. He pleaded not guilty to the charge of intentionally defrauding the hotel keeper and offered to see that the balance was paid in full. He was held in \$500 bail for examination this morning, and every

the purely social act. He took up his abode in a house on Mount Park, off Columbus avenue, and the fame of his receptions and teas soon spread throughout the city. At the end of the